



Prohibition Fact Beneath the Bough
A Remonade, a Ginger Snap and a Row

In Hawaii

"the loveliest fleet of islands that lie anchored in any ocean"—land of perpetual Spring and flowers, where their fair inhabitants while away their care-free lives. Festooned with *lais* and midst a myriad of enticing perfumes, these Polynesian Naiads play and disport themselves on the golden sands of Waikiki.

It is a sincere compliment to

Rigaud

Master Perfumer of Paris
19 Rue de la Paix, Paris and New York

that living in such a luxurious atmosphere of fragrance, they accentuate their native charms with the seductive

Mary Garden Perfume

From a drop of Mary Garden Perfume radiates an ocean of influence.

Mary Garden Perfume
Toilet Water, Sachet, Talcum and Face Powders, Rouge (Vanity Case), Massage, Cold and Greaseless Creams, Soap and Breath Tablets.

Lilas de Rigaud —the only odor true to the fresh Lilac flower

Facts and Fiction

IF we should go statisticizing upon the subject of fiction writers and fiction readers, we should undoubtedly find that the ratio of fiction writers to the whole number of writers is equal to the ratio of fiction readers to the whole number of readers. Moreover, it would be a very high ratio, and for the same reason in each case. Men and women write and read fiction because it is so much easier to write and read fiction than it is to write and read facts.

In writing fiction one needs to know practically nothing. Nothing has to be correct, and nothing proved. One's imagination may be allowed full swing. It is merely a question of holding the interest of bored people whose interest is easily held. So in reading fiction, one doesn't have to concentrate. There is nothing that the reader is supposed to know after the book is finished. One can read the first chapter, then turn over to the last chapter to see how it "comes out." Upon the rest, if he wishes, he can exercise his own imagination, which in many cases is quite as good as the writer's.

On the other hand, it takes a great deal of preliminary work even to discover a few facts. Then it takes a great deal of writing to make those few facts clear and set them in their proper relation to other facts. Then it takes a great deal of persistence to get the favorable attention of a publisher, after which it is almost impossible to find readers with the necessary inclination, time and intelligence to

A NEW LIFE PRINT

Copr. Life Pub. Co.



The Boy Who Became a Lawyer

Printed in colors on fine
Bristol Board, plate-marked.

Size 12 x 16 in.

25 cents each

Sent *prepaid* on receipt of remittance

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

17 West 31st Street, New York



MARION-HANDLEY
THE SIX PRE-EMINENT

The Car of Quiet Individuality

The Marion-Handley has a quiet and unobtrusive individuality that is appealing; nothing freakish in design, construction or finish.

Perhaps only the keenly observant instinctively sense that it is out of the ordinary, and owned by out of the ordinary motorists.

And that is well, because restrained expression of individuality is a form of artistry, which is lost when it passes to the point of general attraction.

Not every man will appreciate the subtle touch of distinction in this Six Pre-eminent.

We are content that this is so, because we want, as far as possible, to interest those who appreciate just such a peculiar type of individuality as we suggest.

See this unusual car at any of the addresses named below.

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SPECIAL MARION-HANDLEY DISTRIBUTING DEPOTS GIVEN BELOW
If none is near you, write for catalog and local dealer's address

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Waco, Tex.—Ward-Phillips Motor Co.

profit by the book, to say nothing of having the book profit by the readers. Men and women who will eagerly devour a four-million-page novel of De Morgan's could not be bribed to read a ten-page pamphlet containing the facts, say, of our present money laws.

No wonder truth is stranger than fiction: we spend so much less time getting acquainted with it. *Ellis O. Jones.*

HOW do you know she is a nice woman?"

"I know the women who hate her."

Capable Couple

"A CAPABLE couple."
"So?"

"Yes; he is furnishing the house by means of tobacco coupons, and she is decorating it with bridge prizes."

"HAVE a heart," said the news-dealer to the irate customer who had failed to order in advance and was berating him because the dealer had sold out all his copies of LIFE.



Our Unparalleled Private Contest

Everybody a Winner

The success of our Private Contest, in which we offered one hundred LIFE blotters to anyone sending in a good answer, limited to twenty-five words, telling why you should, or should not, become a regular yearly subscriber by paying the regular subscription rate, has been a wonderful success.

Here are some of the prize-winning answers:

1. It brightens the corner, and keeps me in touch with things.
2. My youngster has painlessly learned to prefer real fun and technique to crude "comics."

Truly yours,

C. R. S.

Oh, LIFE, you're simply great! That's why I take my pen in hand and cry, "I would heed that 'impulsive' call. But five plunks are too much. That's all.

A News-stand Acquaintance of LIFE.

When it becomes a question of money or your LIFE, there is only one answer.

Does this win blotters?

I. H. L.

Why not be a regular subscriber to this intoxicating paper? Rates in the obnoxious coupon opposite.

You should be a regular subscriber to LIFE because it brings wealth, happiness and good times, and that's what makes life worth living.

F. B.

Here's why I am still a backslider:

1. I want to defer for my old age "the thrill that comes once in a 'Life'-time"—when I shall "obey that impulse."
2. I enjoy the awful suspense every Tuesday.
3. I love and admire the "coupon" page written for my benefit.
4. I don't half-read the magazines to which I now *subscribe*, and so I'll take no chances with LIFE.

J. Z.

It is a source of human illustration for sermons; it is a source of material for serious sermons; each copy is a sermon in itself.

A. E. C.

One should become a regular subscriber to LIFE because such action is constantly recommended by LIFE, and in my five years of reading LIFE I have never known it to be wrong.

W. S.

My reasons for not subscribing to LIFE:

First—Being a Catholic, I naturally dislike your *bigotry*.

Second—My Father having been a noted physician, I resent your insulting that noble profession as you do.

Third—Having had ancestors who fought in the Revolution and in the War of 1812, I am a good American, and have inherited my forefathers' hatred to the British.

Your paper seems as though it is entirely in British pay. I like fair play.

Very truly,

A. H. J.

I rely on newsdealers for LIFE.

To exhibit better judgment should be sufficient reason to subscribe, and no doubt is for those who know me.

N. V. S.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

76

One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04.)

How Famous People Acquire

A Few of the Well-Known
People Who Use This System

Chas. E. Hughes
Howard Gould
F. W. Vanderbilt
W. G. Rockefeller, Jr.
William Barnes, Jr.
Gen. W. A. Kobbe
Gen. J. F. Bell
Franklin Murphy
Woodrow Wilson
W. R. Hearst
John B. Stanchfield
Percy A. Rockefeller
A. W. Armour
Charles F. Swift
E. A. Cudahy

Great Mental Energy and Health

How America's Most Prominent Business Men Increase Their Mental and Physical Power; a Wonderful New Method of Re-Creating Every Cell, Tissue and Organ of the Body. Now Within Reach of Everybody; Enables Anyone to Get the Most Out of Life, in Health, Money, Pleasure. No Drugs, No Medicines, No Violent Exercise, No Dieting—Nothing to "Give Up." Nothing Unpleasant to Do.

A Few of the Well-Known
People Who Use This System

Oscar Straus
Simon Guggenheim
A. Lewisohn
Countess de Locquenille
Mrs. Herman Oelrichs
Frank A. Vanderlip
Pliny Fisk
J. R. Roosevelt
Otto H. Kahn
Edward Thaw
Elihu Root, Jr.
W. F. Havemeyer
The Earl of Meath
Burton Holmes

THERE is a new and wonderful system of reconstructing and re-creating the human organism—a system of mental and physical development that has already revolutionized the lives of men and women all over the country. It has brought them a new kind of health, strength, energy; confidence and success. It has given them such marvelous energy of mind and body that they enjoy a life so full, so intense, so thoroughly worth while, that the old life to which they were accustomed seemed totally inferior in every respect. Already hundreds of financiers and industrial leaders, thousands of eminent physicians, judges, lawyers, congressmen and tens of thousands of shrewd men and women in every field have adopted the new system, and all are unanimous in their high opinion of its wonderful merit. See partial list of pupils in panel above. This new system has given its users an entirely new idea of how truly healthy and happy a human being can be—how overflowing with energy, dash and life. And it is so thoroughly natural and simple that it accomplishes seemingly impossible results entirely without the use of drugs, medicines or dieting, without weights, exercisers or apparatus, without violent forms of exercise, without massaging or electricity or cold baths or forced deep breathing—in fact, this system does its revolutionizing work without asking you to do anything you do not like, and neither does it ask you to give up what you do like. And so wonderful are its results that you begin to feel renewed after the first five minutes.

How the Cells Govern Life

The body is composed of billions of cells. When illness or any other unnatural condition prevails, we must look to the cells for relief. When we lack energy and power, when we are listless, when we haven't smashing, driving power back of our thoughts and actions, when we must force ourselves to meet our daily business and social obligations, when we are sick or ailing, or when, for any reason, we are not enjoying a fully healthy and happy life, it is simply because certain cells are weak and inactive or totally dead. And this is true of ninety people out of every hundred, even among those who think they are well but who are in reality missing half the pleasures of living. These facts and many others were discovered by Alois P. Swoboda and resulted in his marvelous new system of cell-culture.

Re-Creating Human Beings

Swoboda has shown men and women in all parts of the world and in all walks of life, how to build a keener brain, a more superb, energetic body, stronger muscle, a more vigorous heart, a healthier stomach, more active bowels, a better liver and perfect kidneys. He has times without number shown how to overcome general debility, listlessness, lack of ambition, lack of vitality—how to revitalize, regenerate and restore every part of the body to its normal state—how to recuperate the vital forces—creating

a type of physical and mental super-efficiency that almost invariably results in greater material benefits than ever before dreamed were possible to you.

Swoboda is only one perfect example of the Swoboda system. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unprecedented life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him, and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed mind and body—in his wonderful energy—the correctness of his theories and the success of his methods.

A Startling Book—FREE

No matter how well you feel, no matter how successful you are, Swoboda has written a wonderful book that you should read—a book that shows how you can become ten times as healthy, ten times as full of energy and vitality, ten times as capable of enjoying life to the full as you've ever been before. Until you read this book and learn what Swoboda has done for others, you can never know the possibilities of life that you are missing.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it, or write a letter or even a postal card, and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 2028 Aeolian Bldg., New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the 60 pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousandfold for having read it. By all means do not delay, do not say "I'll do it later," but send the coupon or a letter or postal now, while the matter is on your mind. Remember the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. When so many millionaires, so many professional men, so many working men, have already gained so much from the remarkable Swoboda System, you cannot afford to miss the details of it as explained in Swoboda's new free



book. Send in the coupon or a letter or postal NOW.

What Others Have to Say

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."
"Effect was almost beyond belief."
"I have been enabled by your System to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."
"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible; my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."
"I am greatly pleased with the results, and feel that any person not using Conscious Evolution is doing himself a great injustice."
"Last week I had a reading of my blood pressure, and was gratified to learn that it was fully ten points below the previous reading. This was a surprise to me as well as to my physician, who did not believe that my blood pressure could be reduced because of my advanced age."
"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."
"The very first lesson began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"
"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."
"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."
"Very first lesson worked magically."
"All your promises have been fulfilled."
"Your System developed me most wonderfully."
"I believe it will do all you claim for it; it has certainly made me feel ten years younger."
"Swoboda System an intense pleasure."
"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries, and high blood pressure. They advised me against exercise. Conscious Evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

Please send me your free copyrighted book, "Conscious Evolution."

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Mail to ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 2028 Aeolian Building, New York City

**Beware of individuals pretending to be my agents or representatives.
All such are impostors and frauds—SWOBODA.**

DURATEX

"BETTER THAN LEATHER"

PROGRESS IS THE REAL TEST

Before our very eyes a people is passing. For them the end of the trail came with the time when nature could no longer be relied upon to provide for their wants.

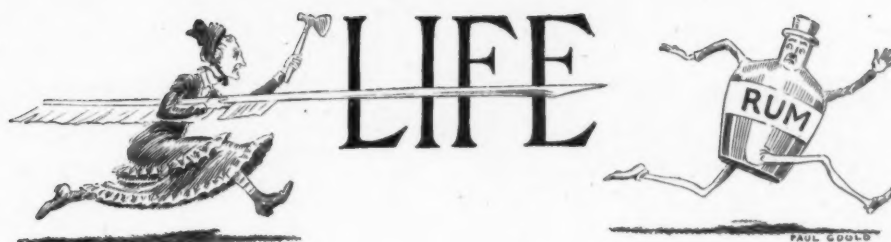
By the divine right of the survival of the fittest, Duratex is replacing leather for motor car upholstery. It is a man-made material—true—but it is as much better than leather as the man-made motor car is better than nature's best agent of travel.

THE DURATEX COMPANY
Newark, N. J.



"AT THE END OF THE TRAIL"

Fragser's Statue to be erected at the western end of the Lincoln Highway.



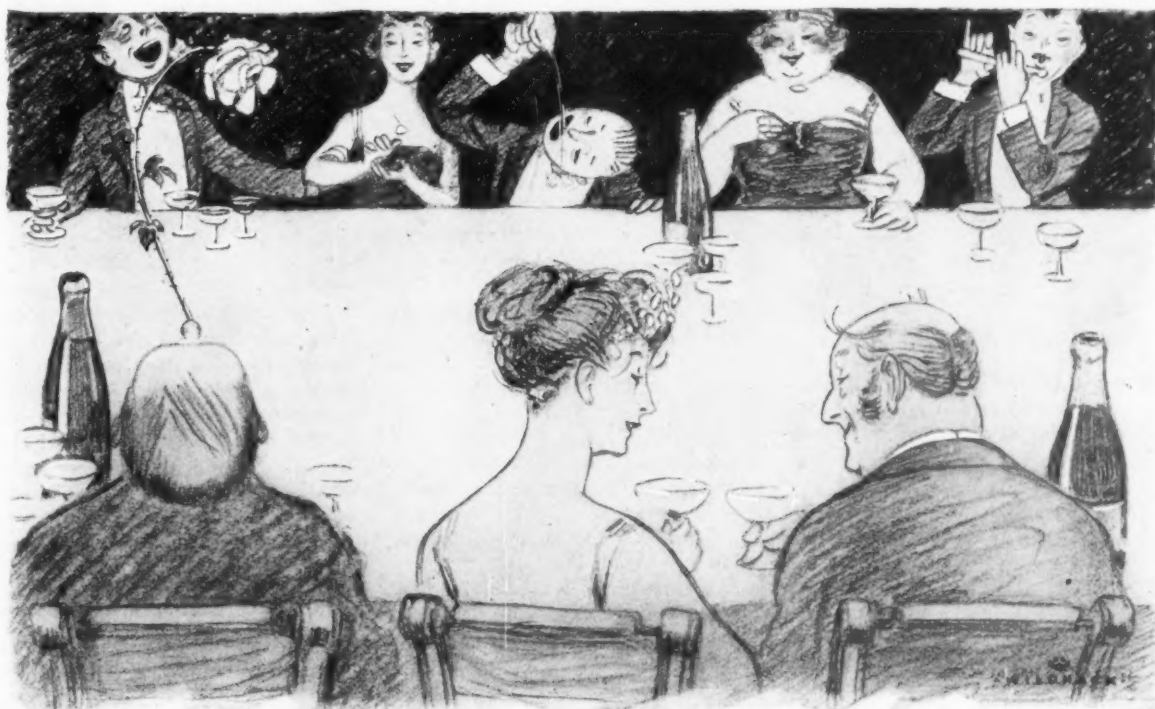
A Declaration of Independence

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for the people of America to assert their natural rights, and to protest against a movement that would deprive them of a lawful pleasure, and to assume among the freemen of the earth that independent and autonomous attitude to which the laws of God and the spirit of the Constitution entitle them, a decent regard for the fanatical heads of that movement requires them to offer a brief exposition of their convictions.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all good things are created for a purpose, that they endow those who consume them in liquid form with certain innocent

sentiments, among which are good-will, warmth and a species of cheerfulness; that to enable men to keep themselves respectable, free will is given them, often attaining its greatest powers in the moderate users of liquor; and that when a man, who is ordinarily well-behaved, discovers that a certain movement has made the sins of his less conscientious and weaker brethren a pretext to deprive him of one of his natural privileges, it is his right and duty to give that movement the cold shoulder, and to espouse in its place the time-honored tradition in favor of moderate indulgence, so that he may enjoy the blessings of the Creator and be a respectable citizen at the same time.

Edmund J. Kiefer.



Bishop: ARE ALL OF YOUR DINNER PARTIES LIKE THIS?

Hostess: OH, DEAR, NO! THIS IS JUST A PROHIBITIONIST IDEA OF WHAT THEY'RE LIKE



Sarsaparilla

COME, gather round the festal board
By ringing goblets dented!
For some let ginger ale be poured,
Or grape juice (unfermented),
Or old carbonic, rich and prime,
Or seltzer faintly fishy;
And those that will may pass their
time
In quaffing milk-and-vichy.
And foaming soda pleases most
When flavored with vanilla;
But as for me, my love I toast
In nut-brown Sarsaparilla!

No Rhenish vineyard gave it birth,
No hillock Andalusian;
It flowed from roots of western
earth,
The generous infusion.
The source of joy, the font of wit
And cadences harmonic,
It is, physicians all admit,
A safe and gentle tonic.
A brew to tame the Missing Link
Or African gorilla,
The gods on high Olympus drink
Of nut-brown Sarsaparilla!

Then fill your cups; convivial throngs,
With pop and juice of lemons,
And raise the rousing drinking songs
Of Mrs. F. D. Hemans!
Or shout your paeans, jovial souls,
To Hebe, Juno's daughter,
That she may fill your crystal bowls
With sparkling lithia water;
While I on Father Horace call
To leave his Sabine villa
And pledge with me the health of all
In nut-brown Sarsaparilla!

Arthur Guiterman.

Junkers to the Junk Pile!



THE citizens of German birth or derivation in this country who have the best prospect of being useful in the long run to Germany are those of recognized loyalty to the United States. If they believe in government by the people they are likely to find themselves presently in full sympathy with their cousins at home. For popular government is coming to Germany, and is far on the way.

What Germans are fighting for to-day are the dynasty and the Prussian junkers. They are anachronisms, and are bound to go. But anachronisms, when well entrenched, often go very hard indeed. Slavery was an anachronism in the United States long before '61. It was a curse to all the Southern people, and not even pecuniarily profitable, except to about ten thousand planters. Yet the Southerners fought for it, rank and file, as though it were salvation, and for its sake endorsed secession, which comparatively few of

them wanted. They had to be overwhelmed by superior force before the wretched anachronism which they were fastened to could be wrenched loose and cast on the junk pile.

AND that is how the Germans are fighting to-day for the divine rights of the Hohenzollern family and the ambitions of predacious junker persons who believe that force rules the world. Divine right is a dead duck. To no one in Germany is it a greater curse than to the Kaiser, who might not be so bad if he could be cured of his superstitions. The unscrupulous doctrine that might makes right is out of date in world politics. Yet there are the Germans, fastened to the defense of these abominations, condemned to wallow in shame, hunger and death, for things that it is pure gain to lose.

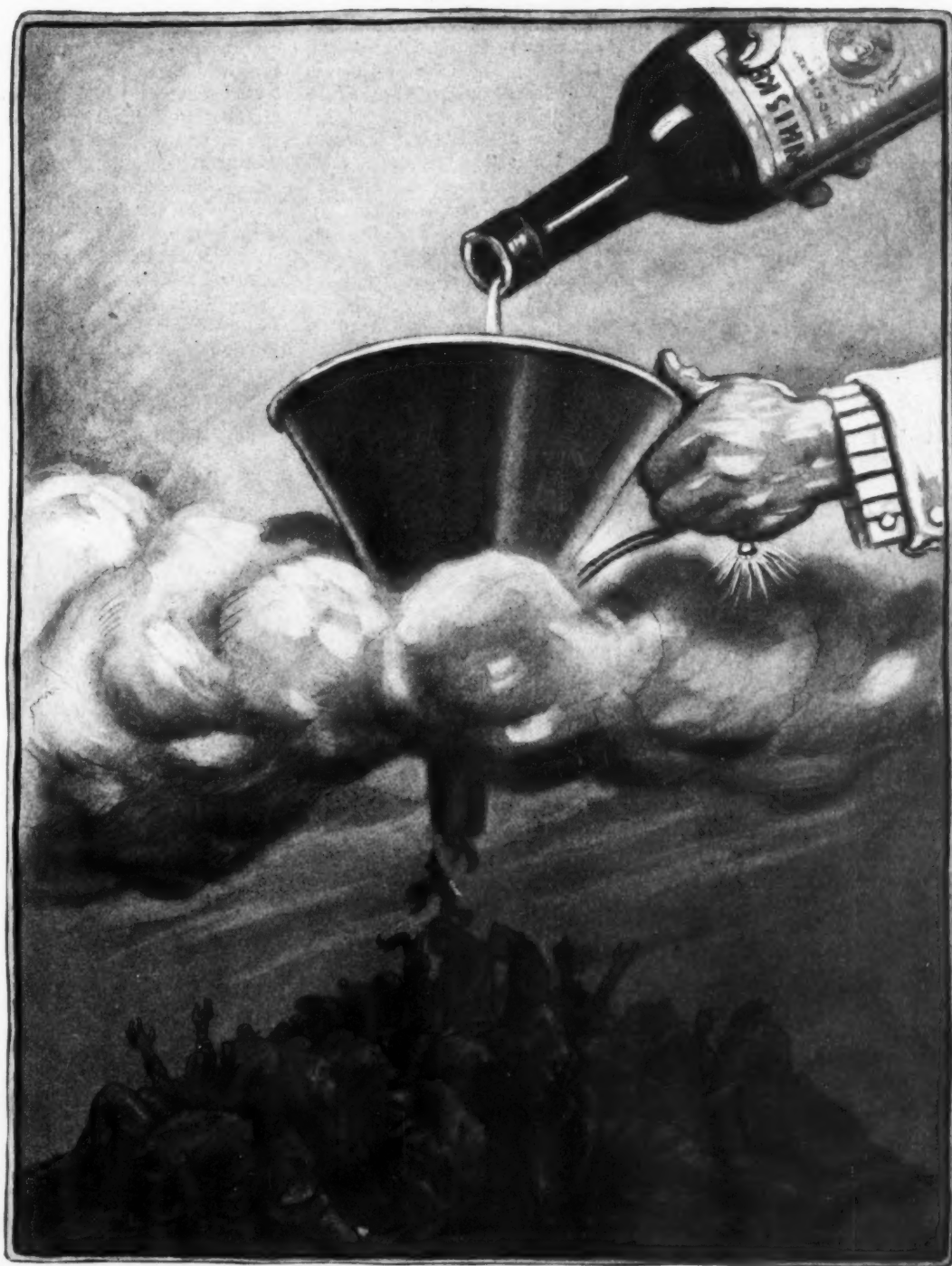
Verily, the German salvation comes hard. But it is coming. Often, nowadays, come out of Germany reports that encourage the belief that very many of the Germans have begun to appreciate what body of death it is that they are tied up to, and to consider passionately by what means they may hope to be quit of it.

IT was an American observer who said after the last U-boat notice: "If we could only get rid of that Prussian bunch there could be peace with Germany within a month." That is true, and the number of Germans who recognize the truth of it seems to be increasing. There are Germans who feel the shame that German doings in Belgium brought upon their people. There are Germans who know that Germany has been misled, and stands, not without due reason, condemned of all mankind. They mean that Germany shall come right again, and that her misleaders shall account for their crimes, but they cannot act until their chance comes.

Our German-Americans ought to see the German case as it truly is, but the home Germans may beat them to it, for they have suffered and gained the insight that slowly comes from suffering. But when the home Germans rise against the Junkers, it will be very interesting to hear our Germans give voice, and note what they find to say.

E. S. M.

BURGLAR: Quick, now! Where do you keep your potatoes?



DREGS

The Unquestioned Leaders

HADES was in an uproar and His Satanic Majesty's throne-room was crowded with protesting lodgers.

"I won't have it!" shrieked Cesare Borgia in a frenzy of wrath. "I've been thrown out of my pet brimstone lake and it's being put in order for someone else. Who else, I'd like to know, has earned that brimstone lake as thoroughly as I did in my long and poisonous career?"

"Yes," hissed Catherine de Medici, before His Satanic Majesty could reply, "yes, and I'm being turned out of my lovely apartment with the bath of boiling oil! I—I, who was alone responsible for the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Eve! It's an outrage."

"I'll tell you—" began His Satanic Majesty; but he was interrupted by the querulous voice of Louis XI.

"Was it for nothing," shrilled the old king, tottering forward on his rickety legs, "was it for nothing that I earned the reputation of being the most heartless of France's monarchs? Why, then, are your minions shaking down and re-arranging the bed of blazing charcoal that I have heated to exactly the right temperature? Answer me that!"

"And why," boomed Nero, throwing his toga over his shoulder as he

stepped forward and glanced nervously behind him, "why have I been given notice to vacate my lodgings with the flaming sulphur wall-decorations? Surely there is no one who has done greater wrongs than Nero!"

These sentiments were echoed by cries of protest from such prominent residents of Hades as Philip II, Caligula, Robespierre, Marius and Morgan the Buccaneer, all of whom had evidently been routed from their regular quarters, and who seemed to resent it deeply.

"My dear friends," shouted His Satanic Majesty when the din had partially subsided, "I appreciate your feelings in this matter; but when you have heard the whole story you will probably feel less resentment. Your quarters, ladies and gentlemen, are the choicest we have. We have, therefore, thought it only right to turn them over to the members of the German army and government who took leading parts in the rape of Belgium, and permitted and encouraged the atrocities that have since taken place there. These gentlemen are, of course, entitled to the greatest honors that we can give them, and I trust that you will give up your apartments to them willingly, and accord them a fraternal welcome."

Cesare Borgia's face was immediately lighted by an understanding smile. "Why didn't you tell us that sooner?" said he. "Why, the men who despoiled Belgium are far ahead of us. We can't begin to compete with them for general cruelty and cussedness. Let's go down to the Styx and give them a yell when the boat pulls in, boys!"

And from the enthusiastic cheers with which the assemblage set off for Charon's ferry-slip, one could easily see that the Despoilers of Belgium would be awarded the place of honor in Hades.

Kenneth L. Roberts.

The Scholar and His Books

"**W**HO is this?"

"This is a Scholar."

"What does the Scholar do?"

"He writes Scholarly Books."

"Who reads the Scholarly Books?"

"Other Scholars."

"What do the Other Scholars do?"

"They write Scholarly Books."

MISTRESS: Tuesday is my at-home day.

PROSPECTIVE COOK: Fine! It's mine too; perhaps we can arrange to receive together.



YESTERDAY AND



PROHIBITION DID IT

TO-MORROW



Mr. J. Bacchus Barleycorn: IS THIS HOTEL THOROUGHLY FIRE-PROOF, YOUNG MAN?
"YES, SIR. BUT IF YOU SHOULD EVER TAKE FIRE WE WOULDN'T GUARANTEE ANYTHING."

Impressions of Broadway

By One Who Has Never Seen It

Limousines.	Glitter.
Chorus girls.	Extravagance.
Gilded youths.	Hurry.
Skyscrapers.	Chinless chappies.
Bright lights.	Vulgarity.
Gunmen.	Fat policemen.
Debutantes.	Gamblers.
Shops.	Grafters.
Spenders.	Heartlessness.
Provincials.	Liveried lackeys.
Rubberneck busses.	Subways.
Midnight frolics.	Electricity.
Brokers.	Strained faces.
Beggars.	Proprietary Hebrews.

Otis C. Little.

Faithful in Adversity

PROFESSOR JOHN W. BURGESS of Newport, who declared in a long discourse in Hearst's *American* on January 31st that "Britain Bars Peace to Dominate World Trade," is the same faithful pro-German he has been since the beginning of the war. He has had no new light. He was Roosevelt professor to Berlin in 1906 and visiting American professor to Austrian universities in 1914. He has been decorated by the German Emperor and by the King of Saxony, and well deserves these embellishments.

"IT'S outrageous," heatedly declared the fat banker, in the observation car, "this thing of trying to hold a bankrupt corporation's officers responsible for its losses."

"Yes," agreed his chance acquaintance. "Next thing we know it will be a penitentiary offense for the board of directors to loot a railroad."

Docs

SOME Doctors waste their nights and days

In keeping Common People healthy;
But Wise Physicians find it pays
To sow their pills among the
Wealthy.

Some Æsculapian Marvels swear
By serums, lymphs and magic po-
tions,

While some are strong for open air
And simple food and kindred no-
tions.

Some thrive by selling residents
Of rural districts patent ointments,
While some play golf with Presidents,
And get Proportionate Appoint-
ments.

Arthur Guiterman.

In a Café

"WHO is the large diamond sur-
rounded by a fat man?"

"That, my son, is the proprietor."

"Why is the young lady on the plat-
form crying because she wants to go
back down home on the farm in Hula-
hula Wacki-lacki land?"

"She isn't crying; she is singing.
She gets paid to do it."

"What makes her lips so red,
father?"

"She does."

"Why does the young lady who
took your hat when we came in, wear
a gown cut so low in front?"

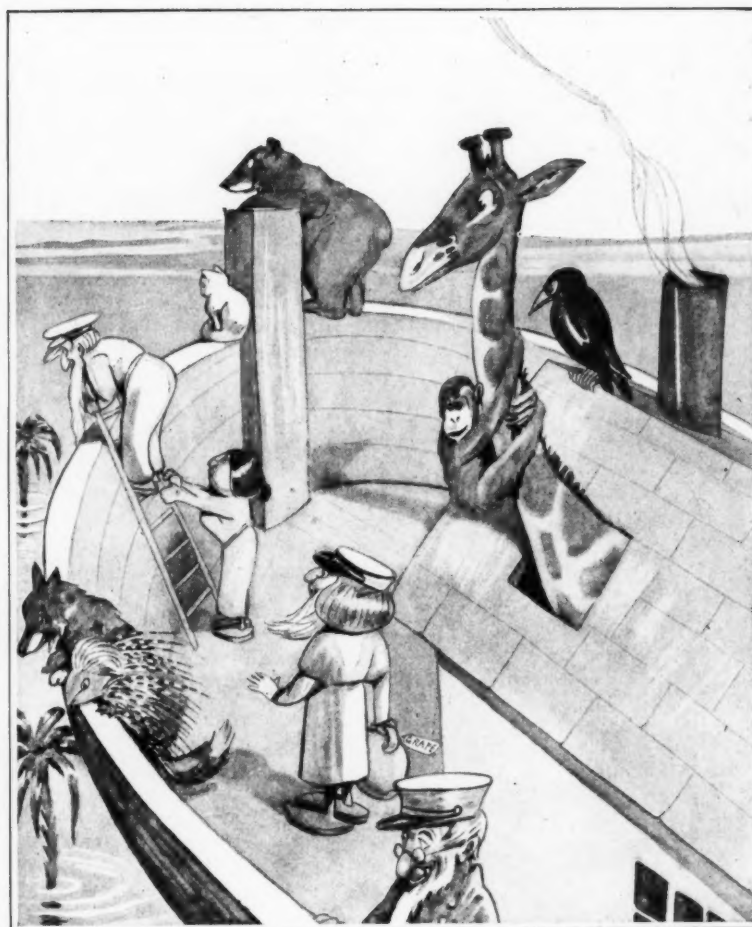
"Because, my son, the rich owners
of the hat-check syndicate she works
for at six dollars a week know that the
lower the gown the higher the tip."

"Who are the three old men who
brought the ice-water and the butter
and brushed the tablecloth?"

"Those are 'bus-boys.'"



NOT BY A JUGFUL



PREPAREDNESS

When Noah saw the flood subside,
"The world is going dry," he cried.
"So let us all without delay
Fill up against a drouthy day!"

"Who is that distinguished foreign-
looking man with the tailor-made
dress-suit in the center of the room?"

"That's the head waiter. His name
is Jenkins. He was born in What
Cheer, Iowa."

"What is that large group of men in
ready-made dress-suits?"

"Those are the captains, my son."

"Why do they form a ring with
their heads together, and whisper all
the time?"

"Because they are the captains, my
son, and if they looked round the room
some patron might catch their eyes and
ask for something."

"Is that all they do?"

"No; they josh the check-girl and
the cashier."

"What does the check-girl do?"

"She checks the amount of the grub
against the amount of the grab, changes
five-dollar bills into dimes and quarters
and receives insults from the waiters."

"Who was the melancholy young
man that paused at our table for an
instant when we first sat down, about
two hours ago, and hasn't been back
yet? I have noticed him pass with
carefully averted eyes a number of
times since."

"That, my son, is our waiter."



WHEN THE HOSTESS SUDDENLY ANNOUNCES THAT SHE HAS TURNED PROHIBITIONIST AND THE DINNER WILL BE DRY

The Inexperienced Cook

(After William Wordsworth)

SHE dwelt among the untrodden
ways,
Not distant from my door,
A maid whom there were none to
praise—
She'd never worked before.

She advertised. How could I know
How true that ad. might be?
My neighbor found her first, and oh!
The difference to me!

Burges Johnson.

Modern Instance

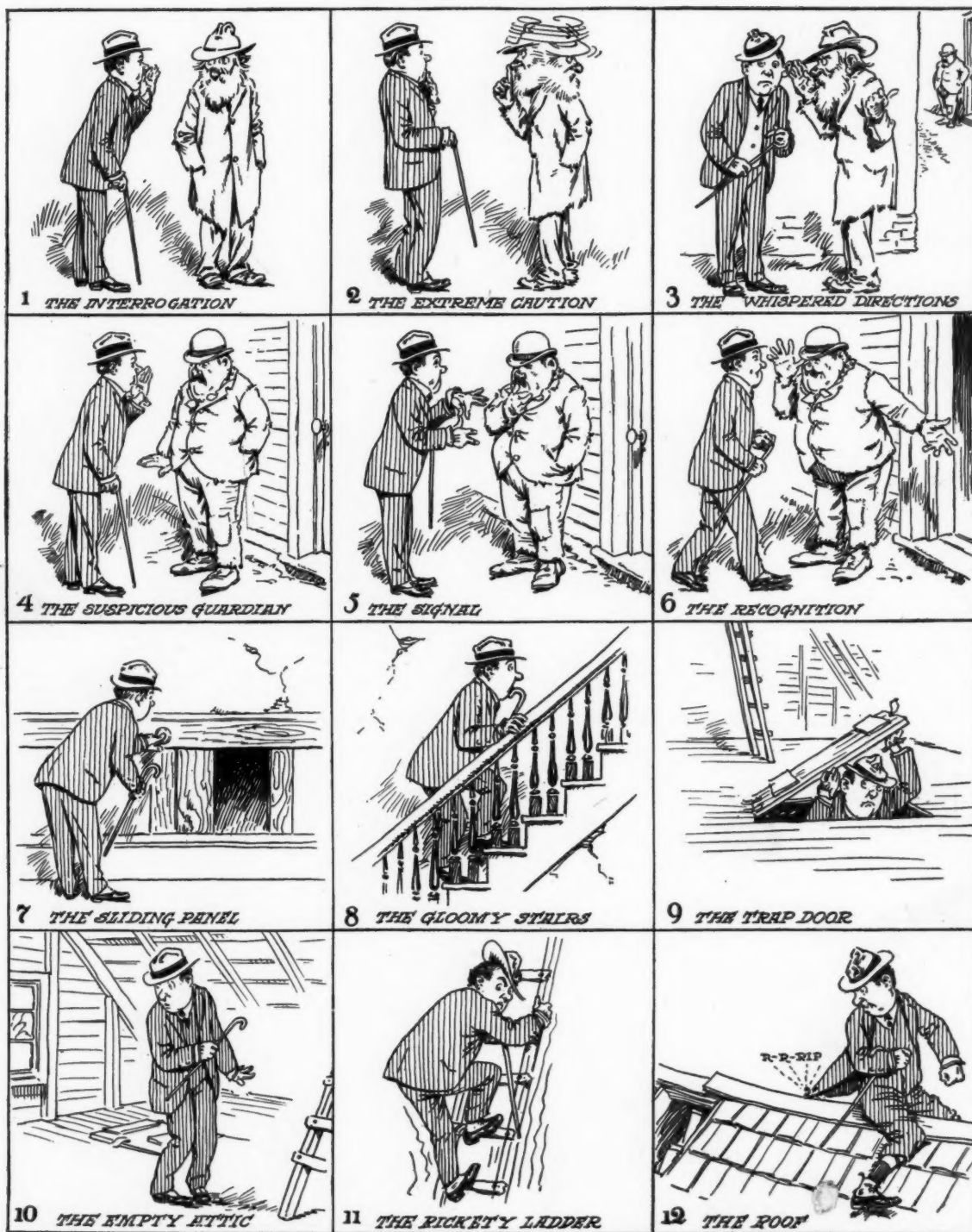
WICKER: Do you go in for home
cooking at your house?

SNICKER: Not on your life! We go
out for it.



THREE ARGUMENTS AGAINST PROHIBITION

Securing a Drink in a Dry Town





13 THE WOBBLY PLANK



14 THE UNLATCHED WINDOW



15 THE MYSTERIOUS NOISE !!



16 THE FAKE CHIMNEY



17 THE ROPE LADDER



18 THE MUSTY CELLAR



19 THE HIDDEN TUNNEL



20 THE SECRET CHAMBER



21 THE THREE RAPS



22 THE DRINK



23



24

The Fact



Ma Daniels: YES, MISS COLUMBIA, I KNOW ALL THE OTHERS ARE ALLOWED THEIR PUNCH, BUT MY JACK NEEDS A MOTHER'S CARE

About Mr. Baker, and How He Got Out

IN the *World's Work* for February is a picture of Bernard N. Baker, described as "shipowner and student of the problems of a merchant marine, appointed by President Wilson a member of the Federal Shipping Board."

It is a picture of a good-looking man, such as we like to see on important Boards. But, unhappily, Mr. Baker got out before the magazine did.

He resigned from the Board because Secretary McAdoo suggested to him that the Board should choose a chairman from the Pacific Coast. But the Board is empowered to select its own chairman, and seems to have intended to select Mr. Baker, and Mr. Baker, seeing his advancement prejudiced by Mr. McAdoo's helpful co-operation, got out.

Mr. McAdoo is quoted as saying that he has a high regard for Mr. Baker and regrets his hasty action. But it would be more to the purpose—wouldn't it?—if Mr. McAdoo should regret Mr. McAdoo's hasty action.

Meanwhile our sympathies are with the *World's Work*.

SPINK: Jones told me to-day that he isn't drinking any more.

SPANK: I don't see how he could.

A Congressional Reform

IN the interests of visitors to Washington would it not be well for Congress to depart from its present confusing uniformity of seats? As it is, the excursionist has no means of discovering the really big men of the House and Senate.

"Who is that fine-looking fellow to the left of the middle aisle, the man with the massive head?"

"That is Congressman Noodles. Nobody minds him."

"Who is that little runt yawning over the newspaper?"

"That is Senator Brainy. When he speaks the whole country takes notice."

You see the need of some outward and visible differentiation, and we suggest that the seats in Congress be made of different sizes and heights, the really big men to occupy thundering big chairs, and the really little men, whatever their apparent size, to occupy small stools only a few inches from the floor. The Washington correspondents could assign the seats with absolute justice, Senate and House would at once assume a picturesqueness which they sadly lack now, and the visitor from the country would find his sightseeing beautifully simplified.

Why Worry?

WHEN, perhaps, a few of our principal cities have been destroyed, it may then be time to take up this little war matter, possibly in earnest.

Still, it might be well to wait until the war is over.

To go into the war stern first, as the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt suggests, is, however, quite the proper thing.

We have always done it this way.

Why change now?

Let us by all means wait until a supreme disaster comes, and then take time by the hindlock. At present we have had only a little over two years' notice.

And what is two years' notice among enemies?

Meanwhile, let us trust in Josephus Daniels and God.

God has helped Germany kill many of our citizens.

Why may He not help us?

It's All in the Point of View

ALBERT, aged three and a half, had failed to respond to verbal reprimand, and at last his mother said, "If you don't behave you will have to be spanked. You would not like that, would you?"

"I wouldn't like daddy to spank me," was the quick response.

"Why not?"

"He doesn't know how. He hurts."

How It Was

WILLIS: Did you have a good time at the Bump's last evening?

GILLIS: Yes. We spent an evening of sin.

WILLIS: What do you mean?

GILLIS: My wife cheated at cards, I lied about my income, and between us we swiped their best umbrella.

HAS anybody ever seen a picture of the Kaiser in civilian uniform?



DEFYING THE LIGHTNING



"TWO LOVELY BERRIES MOLDED ON ONE STEM."



"WILL YOU STOP THAT SHIVERING, HELOISE? WE'VE GOT TO ECONOMIZE SOMEWHERE"

Plain People and Demi-Gods

IF SCHOOL TEACHERS WERE PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL PLAYERS

THE teachers of Mudville high school assembled last week at Hot Springs, Florida, for their annual spring training. After a month's stay there they will gradually work their way north in time for the opening of the school season.

The first few weeks' work will consist of an hour's reading and an illustrated lecture every day. The teachers are lodged at the Albemarle, the leading Hot Springs hotel.

Professor Casey arrived in camp yesterday. She was holding out for a five-thousand-dollar salary and a bonus of one hundred dollars for every ten papers, over one thousand, corrected.

Three new teachers arrived to-day. This brings Superintendent Sweeney's number of extra teachers up to twelve. Most of these will spend a year or two watching the veterans work, until they are properly seasoned.

Superintendent Sweeney said in a recent interview: "The school that ranks higher than ours this year will have to go some. This is the most promising bunch I've had in years. We are especially strong in history and biology, and with a little extra coaching I expect to make our English staff second to none. We shall run away with the debating and oratorical trophies. All our teachers are pulling for the extra thousand that comes with the winning of the championship."

Will Lou.

Modern

DASHER: (in newspaper office): Where's the dramatic critic?

EDITOR: At the Gem theatre, reviewing the première of the Thriller Film Co.'s new six-reel thriller.

"Well, the musical critic will do as well."

"Sorry; but he is covering a phonograph recital."

Diary of a Publisher's Office Boy

JAN. 7, 1600. Thys daye ye Bosse bade mee remaine in ye Outer Office to keepe Callers from Hinderyng Hym in Hys affaires. There came an olde Bumme (Ye same wch hath beene heare beforre) wth ye Scrypte of a Playe, dubbed Roumio ande Julia. Hys name was Shake a Speare or somethynge lyke thatt. Ye Bosse bade mee reade ye maunuscripp myselfe, as hee was Bussy. I dyd. Ande of alle foulshnesse, thys playe dyd beare away ye prize. Conceive ye Absuerditye of laying ye Sceane in Italy, it ys welle knowne that Awdiences will not abear nothyng that is not sett neare at Home. Butt woarse stille, thys fellowe presumes to kille offe Boath Heroe ande Heroine in ye Laste Acte, wch is Intolerabble toe ye Publicke. Suerley noe chaunce of Success in thys. Ye awthour dyd reappeare in ye aafternoone, and dyd seeke to borrowe a crowne from mee, but I sente hym packing. Ye Bosse hath heartilye given me Styx forr admitting such Vagabones to ye Office. I tolde maister Shake a Speare that unlesse hee colde learne to wryte Beste Sellers such as Master Spenser's Faerye Quene (wch wee have put through six editions) there was suerly noe Hope for hym. Hee tooke thys advyse in goode parte, and wente. Hys jerkin wolde have beene ye better for a patchinge.

Christopher Morley.



THE SNAKE CHARMER



"SEE THE POINT?"



MARCH 1, 1917.

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THERE is not much to say as LIFE goes to press. One suspects that the most important things that are going on are not advertised. The navy is not much of an advertiser, and the army can work at a pinch without headlines, especially when there is a prospect of war.

There continues to be a prospect of war. The President is expected to confide any day to Congress the opinion that it is expedient to arm or convoy our ships, using our government's guns and navy for that purpose.

The American Line steamers still hug port at this writing, but other shipping adventures freely on the Atlantic, and though it is too soon to say so, the German last trump seems not to be taking the trick. Hence a lull, but one which any moment may be broken by events of great concern.

This is Germany's war. She prepared for it, got it up, invited in the contestants, introduced all the novelties, and is still its head manager. Outsiders like us feel a delicacy about getting in unless expressly invited. It is evidently a war for the improvement of mankind regardless of expense. It has made wonderful people of the French, has brought back the British from a soft and ominous condition to their best form, has worked in Russia wonders that are not yet quite developed enough for appraisal, and promises to do a marvelous ethical work in Germany herself. It has seemed as if she wished to improve us also with it

before it was all gone. Our case is bad and has long been neglected, and she is so busy that it is hard to see how she can do us justice. Nevertheless, if she is only able to punch us hard enough—by submarines, or by way of Cuba, or by way of Mexico—she may yet be our salvation and qualify us to live in the world that is about to be. A little punch would go a great ways with us. It would start us. We start as hard as a cold Ford, but once get our wheels turning, and like as not we shall go on very well. Anyhow, if we are to keep up at all with the improved nations of the impending new world, it will be a great advantage to have even a short running start.



WE used to read that the sense of having a mission to mankind was very deep in the German heart. One hears the Germans still have it, though they have suffered extremely, and now doubt the issue of the war, and deeply resent—many of them—the manner of their getting into it. The German idea was to fulfil their mission by drubbing the rest of mankind into docility and then teaching them how to live German-fashion. It is not working out that way. Nevertheless, no one can deny that Germany is not only changing the face of the earth but the habits of its inhabitants. Not by any amount of goose-step and applied *kultur* could

she have done for England, France and Russia what she has done by putting them all to the extremity of sacrifice and exertion to save what they were and what they had. She has imparted her ideas to mankind with the force of a cyclone. Some of them were bad, and their badness has been demonstrated with appalling effect; also their futility. Some of them were good and have been adopted on pain of death by her contestants. She is making over the world, scaring sloth out of its nest, shaking nonsense down from its roost, raising up the workers to mastery, bringing down all feeble and incompetent masters to the ranks.



IF that was Germany's mission, it is far on the way to accomplishment. She has not gone mad for nothing. Her whole course is an amazing spectacle; awesome, tremendous, immeasurable in its consequences. It seems idle to think of her at present as a nation, with boundaries, policies and a dynasty. She is more like a reservoir that has broken its dam and whose waters will flow in the course of least resistance, searching out all low places and weak spots in the world. So she has overwhelmed not only the Belgians and Servians and Roumanians and the Armenians, but her allies the Turks, and the Austrians, and now assails us, far away, with her weakening flood.

To talk of making peace with Germany is like crying quits with a phenomenon. It is more sensible to consider that it is true that she had, as she thought, a mission to mankind, that her mission was to be the purge of the nations, and that with horrible consequences and pains to herself and all her neighbors, she is driven on inexorably to fulfil it.

Meanwhile, the Kaiser seems to be passing into shadow-land. One no longer thinks of him as Germany's voice. His declarations are no longer



GHOSTS OF THE PAST
AND THE REALITY OF TO-DAY

events but only pieces of news. The great man in Germany now is Hindenberg. He is the popular hero; the dominant influence in the army, the hope of those at home. The story comes from London that when the crash comes, Hindenberg will be the leader of German democracy, and possibly the first President of a German republic.

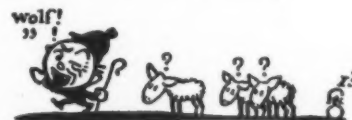
It is a good enough prognostication to think about. If the powerful masters of industrial and commercial Germany conclude, as this London insinuation suggests, that it is time to stir actively to save the pieces of German trade, of course they will reckon with

Hindenberg. Whenever they become convinced that the Hohenzollerns are no longer a safe bet, they must consider who is strong enough to handle the organization when the Hohenzollerns let go. Probably Hindenberg is entirely loyal to the Kaiser, but if events are not loyal to him, a considerable collection of loyalty may be transferred from the Kaiser to Germany, and "Deutschland Over All" be sung to the prejudice of the Kaiser's heirs.

Nevertheless, all speculations about the Kaiser and his destiny are mighty uncertain. One would like to know what Lloyds' thinks about it. The Kai-

ser has had very troublesome ideas and superstitions, but he came by them honestly, and they were popular in Germany and so was he. But the ideas and the superstitions have turned out very unwholesome for Germany and immensely destructive to everyone else, and the purpose of the war is to abolish them. If that succeeds, it is hard to imagine a surviving Kaiser with his actuating ideas knocked out. We may not see somebody President of Germany and the Kaiser and his family on the run, but the chances are favorable to our seeing either that or something not less dramatic. But first, as Mrs. Glass said, catch the hare.

And whatever happens to the Kaiser no one will deny that he has had a remarkable run for his money.



THEODOR WOLFF of the Berlin *Tageblatt*, a liberal German editor, has conveyed the opinion by wireless to the *Evening Post* that for us to break relations with Germany was a monstrous mistake, and very upsetting to German Liberals and the League for Peace idea. The natural German preference at this time, shared even by Liberals, is to be let down easy; to have the war peter out with the least discomfort possible, and have things forbearingly rearranged.

That is the only plan a conspicuous Berlin editor could openly favor at this time, even by wireless. He could not suggest, without risking his bread ticket, the subversion of the dynasty, though the rise of a German republic on the wreck of the empire would be an ideal accelerator of the League for Peace.

And we must not count too confidently, as yet, on the League for Peace. As a process of thought it is useful, and as a working hypothesis it may lead to something, but as a fact it would present some extraordinary embarrassments. Like Mr. Wilson's address to the Senate, it helps discussion of the future of the world. So let us continue to discuss it.

· L I E ·



The Home Brew, and

LINE



ANGUS MAC DONALD .16

e Brews and Maker

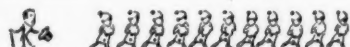


The Movies in the Legitimate



"JOHNNY, GET YOUR GUN" is not a military play suggested by present war-like conditions and possibilities, nor does it suggest a remedy for certain impositions that confront the would-be theatregoer in New York. Far from anything so serious, it is a flippant and laughable farce written by Mr. Edmund Lawrence Burke and revised by Dorothy Donnelly.

The stage is quick to use for its purposes anything in modern invention that it can adapt for amusement. This faculty makes one wonder how Euripides, Shakespeare, Molière, Sheridan, and even so modern a dramatist as Dion Boucicault, managed to write plays without such convenient accessories as the telephone and the automobile horn to facilitate their action and situations.



THE moving-picture producing outfit is put into legitimate stage depiction to supply a novel and laughable prologue for "Johnny, Get Your Gun." It is not really essential to the play proper, which, in the acts following, drops into the more conventional and often used material provided by the experiences of the untamed Westerner in the social setting of the East. The moving picture "studio," however, affords opportunity for novel efforts in fun-making, which were fully utilized in the present instance and with laughable results.

There are some novelties in the main plot, which deals with the adventures of a cowboy brought into the not unusual contact with a fortune-hunting English nobleman. Then the usual result that the youthful and wealthy heroine is rescued from the matrimonial ambitions of the villain by the golden-hearted young Westerner, on whom, of course, she finally bestows her heart and her shekels.

The fun injected into this threadbare material is largely due to the unique methods of Mr. Louis Bennisson as *Johnny Wiggins*, the cowboy, and to the excellent foil provided by Mr. Echlin Gayer as *Duke of No-Moor*. Mr. Bennisson has the advantage of youthful good looks, a most engaging and infectious smile and the artistic discretion to avoid both the rough-house and heroic bearing in his depiction of the young graduate from the ranches. In place of the usual hardened cow-puncher ready to man-handle every difficult situation that arises he gives us the ingenuous good nature of youth and a sense of fun that makes him see the laughable side of everything he encounters, without sacrificing the ability to deal with it effectively when it seems to be going against him. A creditable feature of Mr. Gayer's portrayal of the English fortune-hunter is his ability to depict the character without yielding to the silly-ass temptations in which it abounds. The other characters are of the sort always to be found in this kind of a play, and a well chosen cast gives them the usual credibility.



"WELL, UNCLE, I'M WRITING A NOTE URGING CONGRESS TO PREPARE FOR WAR."

"BUT, MY DEAR WOODROW, WHY HURRY? THE PRUSSIAN HAVE BEEN MAKING WAR ON US FOR ONLY THREE OR FOUR WEEKS!"

"Johnny, Get Your Gun" could never be charged with high-browism, but it holds the interest and is distinctly funny.



THE new bill of the Washington Square Players presents the usual strata—a bit of sordid local tragedy, a touch of French cynical fun, a chunk of gloom, this time from Maeterlinck, and an unusually well played depiction of the humor that may be found in rural meanness, Indiana furnishing the scene for the last. In the Maeterlinck piece, which happens to be that fine undertaker epic, "The Death of Tintagiles," is detected the fatal hand of Mr. Philip Moeller, translator and producer. If Mr. Moeller's predilection for Maeterlinck and gloom is not curbed he may also produce the death of the Washington Square Players. The audiences that patronize them are in close sympathy and of more than usual intelligence, but even such auditors giggled at the super-gloom enveloping the demise of *Tintagiles*.

The Indiana play was really funny and well done, even if its characters were about the meanest exhibit of American stock ever staged. They were recognizable, however, and explain why the Middle West is so prolific in prohibitionist and pacifist Congressmen. The title of the piece is "The Hero of Santa Maria," and its authors are Messrs. K. S. Goodman and Ben Hecht. Notable in the cast are Robert Strange, Arthur E. Hohl and Helen Westley, that versatile and valuable asset of the Players who never hesitates to make herself as ugly as she can to help the faithfulness of a part. Barring the deadly "Tintagiles," the present bill ranks well with the other efforts of this interesting group of players.

Metcalf.

Confidential GUIDE



Astor.—"Her Soldier Boy," with Adele Rowland and Messrs. Clifton Crawford and John Charles Thomas. Musical piece of the usual type, but fairly amusing and tuneful.

Bandbox.—Closed.

Belasco.—Frances Starr in "Little Lady in Blue." Pleasant, wholesome, well staged and well acted comedy of the period when England's navy was made up of sailing ships.

Booth.—Mr. William Gillette in "A Successful Calamity," by Clare Kummer. Clever and well acted photographic comedy of contemporary life in New York.

Casino.—"You're in Love." Comic operetta somewhat above the average in its diverting qualities.

Century.—"The Century Girl." Big girl-and-music show of the customary kind.

Cohan and Harris's.—"Captain Kidd, Jr." Sentimental light comedy with effective touches of rural fun. Clean and well presented.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players. Bill of four new playlets. See above.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hutton. Farcical comedy of the day, dealing with a phase of fast society claimed to exist on Long Island.

Criterion.—"Johnny, Get Your Gun." See above.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Rival syndicates in the criminal world providing fun and surprises in ingenious light comedy.

Nora Bayes in matinee and Sunday evening performances. A novel and diverting musical entertainment with the *disease* doing most of the work.

Empire.—Maude Adams in Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella." Dream play based on the real life and visions of a London slavey. Whimsically funny and providing congenial material for the star.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Joan the Woman" in moving-picture demonstration, with Geraldine Farrar as the star. Some stirring battle pictures and the career of Joan of Arc brought down to terms of the movie drama.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair," by Mr. Bayard Veiller. Mystery crime drama well presented and keeping the audience puzzled to the very end.

Fulton.—"Pals First," by Mr. Lee Wilson Dodd. Notice later.

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and John E. Hazzard. Highly amusing and well staged farcical comedy



THE WAY YOU FEEL WHEN THAT POPULAR SONG YOU HAVE ALWAYS HATED IS ENCORED FOR THE SEVENTH TIME

with near-criminals as its leading characters.

Globe.—Laurette Taylor in "The Harp of Life," by Mr. J. Hartley Manners. Drama of the dangers of sexual ignorance for the young. Interesting and well played.

Harris.—Last week of "The Yellow Jacket." Highly interesting performance in Chinese fashion of an unusually original play. Those who have not seen it should not miss these final performances.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." Ice and water carnival, spectacle, vaudeville and ballet, all on a large scale.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. George Arliss in Barrie's "The Professor's Love Story." Notice later.

Liberty.—"Have a Heart." Diverting comic operetta quite up to the usual requirements for this sort of entertainment.

Little.—"The Morris Dance," by Mr. Granville Barker. A theatrical absurdity not comprehensible except by those who have read "The Wrong Box," on which it is founded.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. The star in a suitable part in a laughable Wall Street farcical comedy.

Lyceum.—Mr. Henry Miller in revival of "The Great Divide." Good performance of an American drama which still holds its power to interest.

Lyric.—"The Honor System." The prison question in movie-picture discussion. Notice later.

Manhattan Opera House.—"The Wan-

derer," adapted from the German by Mr. Maurice V. Samuels. Elaborate spectacular staging of play based on the parable of the prodigal son. Well acted by company of distinguished artists.

Marine Elliott's.—"Magic," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and "The Little Man," by Mr. John Galsworthy. Plays pretentious in literary quality, but not strong nor attractive dramatically.

Morisco.—"Canary Cottage." Extravagant and amusing farce with girl-and-music features.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. The reformation of a young American who had gone wrong portrayed in a play of more than usual strength.

Princess.—"Oh, Boy," by Messrs. Bolton and Kerns. Notice later.

Punch and Judy.—Closed.

Republic.—Jane Cowl in "Lilac Time." Pretty, well acted and sentimental play of the present war in northern France.

Shubert.—"Love o' Mike." Extremely up-to-the-minute musical play with good songs and dances.

Thirty-ninth Street.—Emma Dunn in "Old Lady 31," by Rachel Crothers. Some of the humor to be found in old age and poverty adroitly leavening the pathos. Interesting and well done.

Winter Garden.—"The Show of Wonders." The usual large quantity of girl-and-music entertainment for the t. b. m. with a most interesting exhibit of the workings of a submarine as an added feature.



EMILIENNE HERVÉ, BABY 648

The Help Is Continuous

THERE is no break in the relief LIFE's readers are furnishing to the destitute French orphans, notwithstanding the irregularity in the mails due to the German blockade of American ships. LIFE has cabled to the French society to use funds already remitted to make the first payments to additional children assigned to LIFE's readers. The money already remitted is ample, so there will be no interruption in the work. Further remittances will be made as soon as it is safe.

Contributions so far received amount to \$71,069.12, from which 351,400.74 francs have been remitted to Paris.

LIFE is happy to acknowledge from

D. H. Grandin Milling Co., Jamestown, N. Y., for Baby No. 951 \$73
 Mr. and Mrs. Tyler L. Redfield, Pinehurst, N. C., for Baby No. 952 73
 Henry W. Hamlin, Canandaigua, N. Y., for Baby No. 953 73
 Mrs. W. G. Peckham, Westfield, N. J., for Baby No. 954 73
 Alice R. Radmore, Philadelphia, Pa., for Baby No. 956 73



JEAN LACAILLE, BABY 12, AND HIS SISTER

In this list we print first the number and name of the baby, followed by the names of the contributors.

686. René Riaux. C. H. H., Inglewood, Cal.
 674. Henri Rome. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Sterling, Chicago, Ill.
 679. Suzanne Sansonnet. Herbert Bronson, Scarsdale, N. Y.
 699. Yvonne Simonnet. Joseph T. Sullivan, Moorestown, N. J.
 684. Antoinette Terrasson. "Lapeg," New York City.
 695. Robert Testart. Several contributors.
 693. Francine Thoreau. J. H., Philadelphia, Pa.
 696. Léonie Jégou. Four Public School Teachers, Toledo, O.
 697. Marie Le Sauve. Mrs. Harry Wiese, Beaumont, Texas.
 698. Armande Duval. In memory of James Ward Dempsey, Tacoma, Wash.
 626. Madeleine Thirion. Missoula County High School, \$30; proceeds of Tag Day at Missoula, Montana, \$262.
 625. Raymond Belleteix. Missoula County High School, \$30; proceeds of Tag Day at Missoula, Montana, \$262.
 483. Rene Vinel. Mr. and Mrs. George Lines, Milwaukee, Wis.
 706. Gisèle Barantin. Several contributors.
 712. Georges Baudu. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Veiller, New York City.
 740. Gilberte Bédou. Arthur C. Walworth, Boston, Mass.
 759. Marcel Blosser. Geo. B. Hopkins, New York City.
 760. Roger Bossu. Geo. B. Hopkins, New York City.
 707. Maurice Bouriquet. Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert D. Lamb, New York City.
 (Continued on page 374)

Katherine, Albert, Betty and Ruth, Syracuse, N. Y., for Baby No. 957 73
 Emma R. Lloyd, Cincinnati, O., for Baby No. 958 73
 Mrs. George B. Witter, Worcester, Mass., for Baby No. 959 73
 "A. G. T." and "H. G. T.," Oakland, Cal., for Baby No. 960 73
 In Memory of A. H., New York City, for Baby No. 961. 73
 W. E. Lowe, New York City, for Baby No. 962 73

FOR BABY NUMBER 901

Already acknowledged \$66.22
 Mrs. Ada D. Southworth, Springfield, Mass. 6.78
 \$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 950

Already acknowledged \$36.50
 A. R., San Mateo, Costa Rica 25
 One who likes babies, Pittsburgh, Pa. 2
 J. H. I., Maryland 9.50
 \$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 955

Mrs. Ada D. Southworth, Springfield, Mass. \$3.22
 J. H. I., Maryland 6.50
 \$3.72

FOR BABY NUMBER 668

NEW YORK STATE FRENCH TEACHERS' FUND—Mme. Helene Sebree, \$3. (Collected by Prof. A. W. Ballard, Teachers' College), Prof. H. A. Todd, Columbia University, \$10; Prof. Raymond Weeks, Columbia University, \$2, and Dr. Isaac W. Kingsbury, Hartford, Conn., \$2 \$17
 Already acknowledged 23.65
 \$40.65

A contribution of seventy-three dollars provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by "The Fatherless Children of France," an organization officered by eminent French men and women. The Society has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum. As fast as LIFE receives from the Society the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child.



ALFRED DERNDINGER, BABY 301



THIN ICE

The Speculation

THE desire to invest.

The friend who knows a friend.

The introduction.

The good lunch.

The coffee.

The cigars.

The hushed conversation.

The miraculous stock.

The "good buy."

The absurdly low price.

The "ground floor."

The wild enthusiasm.

The pawning the family jewels.

The purchase.

The nine thousand shares on margin.

The satisfaction.

The next day.

The waning satisfaction.

The next week.

The falling stock.

The desire to sell.

The friend who says not to.

The fifty thousand more margins
needed.

The mortgaging the house.

The uneasy feeling.

The crop failure.

The loss of appetite.

The foreign complications.

The sleepless nights.

The brokers who "bust."

The worst failure in years.

The "friend" who disappears.

The "down and out" feeling.

Matteawan.

Those Shifting Standards

THOUGH many a wise word has been spoken about standards of value, they are not yet standardized. Financial writers are now telling us that owing to the war, the dollar is becoming the only reliable thing to measure value with. *Leslie's Weekly*, for instance, says that "the American dollar has become the highest standard of value." Of course the editor didn't know what this meant when he wrote it, but it sounds impressive to the untutored. There is something in his mind, to be sure, about a load of wheat looking larger if measured in dollars than if measured in pounds sterling or francs or marks, but it would have been altogether too much trouble to figure it out and understand himself accurately.

If this tendency goes no further, the serenity of the public will not be greatly disturbed, but suppose it should extend to other standards of measurement. Suppose the war should upset things so that the American yard would be longer than any other yard, the American pound heavier than any other pound and the American gallon larger than any other gallon. Such adventitiousness as that would disturb us mightily, for in matters of that kind we are accustomed to be exact and intelligent and not talk so much nonsense as when we discourse and expatiate upon the money question.

Ellis O. Jones.



A SPIRITUAL MEETING

A Song to Youngsters

THIS is a song to youngsters! To
Young men and women between the
ages

Say of zero and twenty-one.
Let us be fair with them; let us admit
That they know something.
I myself have mingled with them
And talked to them and listened to them
Until
I got their point of view; and I want
To tell you that
They know a great deal more than you
Think they do. They
Will be here after you and I have gone
And they know it!
About the only consolation we get
Out of this interesting fact is
To make believe that we are
Highly superior to all of them. Oh, yes,
We do—we shake our heads sagely and
say

They are irresponsible, and the girls are
Flighty and silly and the boys
Unsteady and fly-by-nights. Well!
Anyone would think to hear such
Talk

That they were like some old fool of
eighty

Who marries a young thing of seventeen
just because

She has no notion of order or system,
Something he has never been able to get
on

Without, but is only
Amusing. Strange, isn't it? These
youngsters
Do things.

One of the biggest heroes in France to-
day is

A lad of fifteen. And
How many of our boys have actually
Run away from home just
To get over there and be killed if
Necessary,

Or possibly unnecessary? Also, look at
Our boys in schools and colleges who
Have enlisted or are getting ready. You
Simply can't hold them down. Politicians,
Graft, inefficiency, stupidity, mismanage-
ment—everything

You can think of
And more, cannot spoil the youngsters of
To-day. They are the
America of to-morrow!

The Difference

POST: What's the difference between
the Kaiser and a Unitarian?

PARKER: Give it up, old man.

POST: The Unitarian believes in the
fatherhood of God and the brotherhood
of man. The Kaiser believes in the
brotherhood of God and the fatherhood
of man.



"HOW YOUNG AND HANDSOME YOU'VE GROWN!"

"DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?"

"WHY, I SHOULD SAY YOU WERE THIRTY OR FORTY YEARS YOUNGER"



FACT AND FICTION

The Latest Books

MEN used to cut hazel switches and go hunting for hidden water. If there wasn't any witchhazel handy they used willow. It worked just as well in the right hands. Dr. Robert T. Morris, surgeon, philosopher and, in his leisure hours, recorder of his thinkings-aloud about the world and its make-up, has cut himself a catch-phrase and, in his "Microbes and Men" (Doubleday, Page, \$2.50) goes about trying out humanity and humanity's past, present and future with it. "A man," says the doctor, "is what his microbes make him." The idea is as good a hazel-wand with which to go hunting for water in the intellectual wilderness as any other pliant and sensitive tipped formula. It is, after all, the man who holds the butt-end of the switch who tells us where to dig. No

recent volume offers greater sport to the reader who loves to engage in mingled co-operation and conflict with another intelligence.

"A SURGEON'S PHILOSOPHY"

(Doubleday, Page, \$2.50) is the title of another volume of Dr. Morris's speculative commentaries on life. Its content is quite as various and stimulating, though its text is fuller of the technical terms of science. Technical terms, you know, are like red, white and blue poker chips. They stand for whatever the players agree upon. The outsider can't tell whether the game is penny-ante or a million a minute. And often enough, when the players themselves come to cash in, the bank is broke. But anyone with card-sense can enjoy watching Dr. Morris play his hand. By the way, the best way to enjoy these books

is to use the index at the end as a bill of fare.

HUGH WALPOLE won his first recognition as a novelist by his "The Gods and Mr. Perrin," an uncannily revealing study of the tragi-comic effect that enforced propinquity had upon the men teachers in a boys' school. Now comes a new writer, a woman this time, with a creepily perspicacious setting forth of the hothouse forcing and spiritual orchid-ization that similar conditions produced among teachers and pupils in a school for girls—"Regiment of Women" (Macmillan, \$1.50), by Clemence Dane. The book would doubtless gain by condensation. But its types are so individually alive, its psychology is so well dramatized and so little dissected, and its tragedy dissolves so naturally into a

(Continued on page 367)

Doomed

AN Ass who had nothing better to do, and who, above all other things, wished to be amused, decided one day to stroll along Fifth Avenue.

He had not gone far before he was joined by a haberdasher.

"Your form is exceedingly bad," said the haberdasher.

"I would recommend some seventy-two-dollar shirts, a couple of thirty-dollar waistcoats and some four-dollar cravats. No references required. Your face is enough."

"Don't stop there," said the Ass, complacently. "I'll also take a fluted silk dressing gown, some polka-dot hose and, and—oh, anything else."

The Ass went along a little way further and met a handsome woman.

"Will you marry me?" said the handsome woman.

"Certainly," said the Ass, "if you can find a church."

"I always get married in this church," said the handsome woman.

After they were married they went along a little further and met a department store manager.

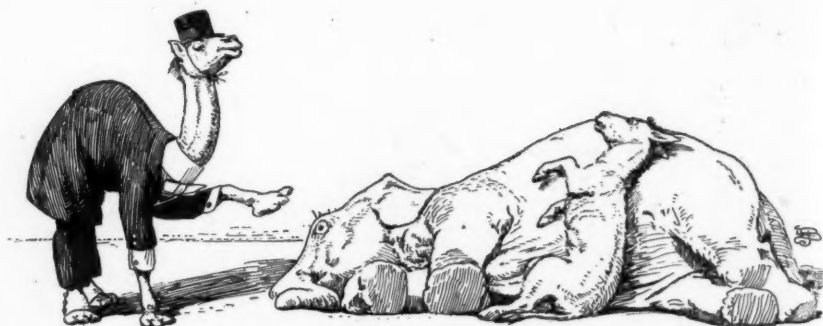
"We are having a very exclusive sale to-day," said the department store manager. "Something which, aside from a circular letter we have sent to our patrons and one or two full-page advertisements in the morning papers, nobody knows anything about. As you, I presume, have a charge account you can order anything you want without experiencing the intensely disagreeable sensation of having to pay for it."

"By the way," said the Ass, after they had, in accordance with the advice of the department store manager, visited the sale, and were now strolling along a little further, "I forgot to buy you a ring."

"I keep not only rings, but other diamond trifles," said a passing jeweler, who guided them carefully into his place. "Now here, for example, is a pendant worth at least three hundred dollars, which we sell for only eight hundred dollars. Certainly you can have it charged, if you have an account in the department store."

And so they went along a little further and met a real estate man.

(Continued on page 370)



Difficult Evolution

(This fable contains a warning apropos of the fact that the last elections added four States to the prohibition column, making fourteen in all)

THE Donkey and the Elephant were in a desert land;

To north and south, to east and west was naught but barren sand.

The Elephant grew thirsty, and the Donkey was the same,

And the ground was dry beneath them and the sky was all aflame,

And they travelled and they travelled till they couldn't travel more;

Then they sank to earth a-panting and they thought their days were o'er.

But the Prohibition Camel lumbered nonchalantly by,

And he calmly cast upon them a commiserating eye.

"If you'll only," said the Camel, "grow a stomach like to mine,

With an extra water tank or two, you'd find it very fine.

I advise you," said the Camel, "to begin to evolve,"

And he left the panting creatures with a swagger quite astute.

"Alas!" exclaimed the Elephant, "Alas!" the Donkey groaned.

"That sage advice comes all too late," the arid mammals moaned.

"For how, without a water tank, in lands without a spring,

Are we to grow a water tank, or sprout out anything?"

And the Prohibition Camel gave a mild, sarcastic nod,

As he lumbered o'er the desert with a plod, plod, plod.

Amos R. Wells.



EVERY MAN HIS OWN DISTILLER

"By 1930 every State in the Union will be dry," says Wm. J. Bryan.

—News item.

The Miseries of Man

A Few of the Expressions That Are Responsible for Them.

"I LOVE you."

"Yes."

"No."

"Charge it."

"Take her, my boy, she's yours."

"Sorry, old man, but I can't pay back that ten I owe you till next week."

"Here's how."

INEBRIATED ONE (in gutter, to benefactor who extends helping hand): Stop thash! You're makin' me look re-dic'lous!



SAVING THE TIRED BUSINESS MAN THE TROUBLE OF GOING TO THE THEATRE



"EXCUSE ME, MARIA, BUT I REALLY THINK WE SHOULD HAVE A COMPASS!"

Women as City Managers?

THE position of city manager is one in which women should be particularly interested. A dozen large cities and many smaller ones in the United States now testify to the value of this comparatively recent institution. The management of a city is only a larger kind of housekeeping, and the capacities for which women have trained themselves for generations are those most largely needed. A city is not run for financial profit like a business, and its successful management does not depend so much upon originality and initiative as it does upon incorruptibility and skill in details. Both of these qualities women possess. Keeping the streets smooth and clean is only a more diversified form of dusting and floor polishing. A water system is only a larger plumbing. A budget is only a domestic allowance.

"I give my wife so much a week," says the married man, "and she runs the house."

"I give my manager so much a year," says the city, "and he sees that I get my money's worth."

If one woman would demonstrate her value as a city manager, her example would undoubtedly be multiplied many times. Why doesn't some woman do this? Is it because women cannot do these things?

The Triumph of Prohibition

AFTER Prohibition had come into power over the whole country, a new problem presented itself. The leaders of the movement discovered that many cases of poverty and death were traceable to over-eating. Forthwith a law was passed forbidding the one-time free citizens of America from indulging in any food whatsoever.

It is an interesting fact that no apostle of total abstinence lost his life in the universal self-starvation that ensued.

Who Am I?

I AM the most flexible thing in the world. I am always a little less than you can pay, but a little more than you can afford. I come when you least expect me, and on tasteful stationery that looks like a letter from a friend. I come so long after the crisis to which I refer that you have forgotten all about it.

I am the doctor's bill.

"DOES the new play afford the leading lady adequate opportunity to display her talents?"

"Yes, indeed; she wears a bathing suit in the second act and a dinner gown in the third."

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Discovering Columbus

During the recent campaign a Tammany leader on the East Side, a self-made man and one not entirely completed yet in some respects, was addressing a mass meeting of Italian-born voters on behalf of the Democratic ticket.

"Gentlemen and fellow citizens," he began, "I deem it an honor to be permitted to address you upon the issues of the day. I have always had a deep admiration for your native land. I venerate the mimicry of that great, that noble Eytalian who was the original and first discoverer of this here land of ours.

"Why, gentlemen, at me mother's knee I was taught to sing that inspirin' song: 'Columbus, the Jim of the Ocean'!"

Whereupon there was loud applause.

—Saturday Evening Post.

PEGGY: Poor Jigby won't be able to cut his usual dash with that wounded leg.

MATER: Don't despair, dear. That man can swagger sitting down.—Tit-Bits.



"THE CARE OF THE SKIN"

Putting a Foot in It

Nijinsky, the famous Russian dancer, is, of course, a good musician.

At a reception the other day M. Nijinsky listened without wincing to a piano-forte performance, more vigorous than skilful, on the part of the daughter of the house.

"M. Nijinsky, how do you like my little girl's playing?" the hostess asked her guest of honor.

"Ah, madam," M. Nijinsky replied in his quaint English, "I think your daughter haff a vairy firm tread."

—London Opinion.

MARK TWAIN was a good sailor, and he often spent happy weeks cruising with his old friend, H. H. Rogers, in his steam yacht, the Kanawha. Once they were caught south of Cuba in a heavy sea, the effect of a long-drawn and violent gale. The Caribbean was heaving at its worst. For once in his life Mark Twain was upset by the rolling and pitching of the ship. He leaned over the lee rail and clung on desperately.

"Mr. Clemens, can't I get you something?" asked a steward, solicitously.

"Yes," Mark drawled, earnestly; "yes, get me a little island."—Argonaut.

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How Short Can a Short Story Be?

HOW short can a short story be? *Life*, wishing to solve this problem, held recently a very interesting contest. A prize of \$1,000 was offered for the best original story under 1,500 words in length, and second and third prizes of \$500 and \$250. In addition to these prizes, every story accepted by *Life* as good enough to enter the competition was to be paid for at the rate of ten cents for every word under 1,500 words which the author *did not write!* That is, a story of 1,499 words would be worth 10 cents; a story of 500 words would be worth \$100, and so on.

This unique contest aroused great interest among the best American short story writers. More than 30,000 MSS. were received by *Life*. Of these, 81 were selected as the best, and these are the stories which appear in this book.

Eighty-one short stories, all under 1,500 words, vivid, unconventional, some by established writers and some by authors still unknown to the public, make this a book of unusual interest. Thomas L. Masson, the well known managing editor of *Life* and compiler of humorous anthologies, contributes an introduction.

It cost *Life* more than \$12,000 to collect these stories. The reader may have them for \$1.25 net. By post, \$1.36.

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THE 81 PRIZE STORIES IN "LIFE'S" SHORTEST STORY CONTEST

With an Introduction by
THOMAS L. MASSON
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Dentist: WELL, IT'S OUT!
Patient (waking up): BUT WHY HAVE YOU GOT IT HANGING OUTSIDE THE WINDOW?

The Latest Books

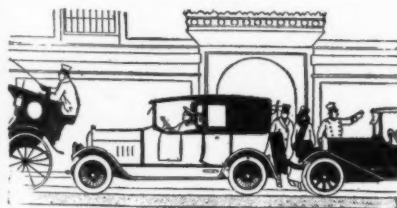
(Continued from page 361)

glad dénouement, that its "too much" is distinctly that of a good thing.

THERE is nothing so difficult to describe as something that is unlike anything else. I've tried to think of something that resembles the conversations held between *Patna Dan* and *Micus Pat* in Seumas O'Brien's "The Whale and the Grasshopper" (Little, Brown, \$1.35). But beyond realizing that, mentally speaking, they are like your foot's asleep, I haven't succeeded. They are sheer, shimmering, moonshiny Irish nonsense—shot through with prickles. Prickles of the divine wisdom of fools. Prickles that are like the Irishman's flea, in that every time you put your finger on one it isn't there. For pity sake, don't read the book if you are a practical person. But if you have lucid intervals, don't miss it.

STUDENTS, historians, archaeologists, dealers, collectors—practical people all—will find, or run a good chance of finding, hard-to-discover practical information, or hints of it, in Harold Donaldson Eberlein and Abbott McClure's "The Practical Book of Early American Arts and Crafts" (Lippincott, \$6.00). The book contains chapters on many habitually neglected divisions of its subject—early decorative metal work in the baser metals, early needle craft, decorative painting on household gear—beside others on glass, silver, pewter, slip-ware, lace and the like. It represents considerable personal study and investigation on the part of the authors, supplemented by intelligent summaries of the scattered special investigations of others, and makes a valuable work of reference.

J. B. Kerfoot.



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Our Pyramids

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Our pyramids may be more useful than those of the Egyptians, but, on the other hand, theirs may be more enduring. Theirs are also much easier to see than ours. Ours are so hard to see in their proper proportions that no two people see them alike. They often appear to be set upon their unstable apices instead of upon their stable bases where they belong. But maybe this is only a mirage. At any rate, our editors and our captains of industry assure us that everything we do is fundamentally sound. Why not let it go at that and be happy?

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Altruist

"I want a hat," the damsel said, "dispatched to my abode:
A picture hat with ostrich plumes—of very latest mode.
I want it lined with crêpe de Chine, and edged with ermine fair,
The ermine not too wide—to rest just lightly on my hair.
I want a veil to wear with it embossed in gold or jet—
Or dinky dragons in chenille embroidered on the net.
I want a hat to wear at church, for there I have a pew,
And every one I most detest can get a splendid view.
The patriotic Perkins's their chivalry display
By wearing last year's hats at church—(a horrible array).
I want to scandalize the folk, and make them proud and glad
That they are all so jolly good—while I'm so jolly bad."

—London Opinion.

Sliced Oranges with a dash of Abbott's Bitters are appetizing and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Misplaced Realism

"I never cared much to hear heaven too realistically and minutely described in the pulpit," said a Bishop the other day.

"In fact, these pulpit details about heaven always make me think of the little girl who, rummaging in a drawer, exclaimed:

"There! Grandpa has gone to heaven without his spectacles!"—Argonaut.

Straight Out and Out American Beverages

Evans' Ale and Stout

came with the Dawn of Liberty and as American as the U. S.

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The Ultimate in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement and education invariably PREFER Deities to any other cigarette.

25¢

Anagynos

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

The Wise Husband

Mr. Barton lived in a suburban town. His wife asked him to purchase a shirt-waist for her while in New York. After telling the salesgirl what he was after, she displayed a number.

"Here are some very pretty ones. What color do you prefer?" she said.

"It doesn't make any difference," replied Mr. Barton.

"Doesn't make any difference!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Why, don't you think your wife would like a certain color?"

"No, it makes no difference what color I get or what size. I shall have to come back to-morrow to have it changed."

—New York Times.

LOVING YOUNG WIFE: My husband is so influential in politics.

CALLER: Is that so?

WIFE: Yes, he has voted in two presidential elections, and both times his choice was elected.—Froth.

BOSS: I wanted to speak to you, Mr. Lovum, about your attentions to Miss Sweett during office hours. I engaged you as billing clerk only; no cooing mentioned. That will be all for the present."
—Tit-Bits.

HUBBY: The bottom fell out of the stock market to-day.

WIFE: Oh, horrors! Was anybody hurt?—The Lamb.

"AT midnight in his guarded tent The Turk lay dreaming of the hour" when he would go to his news-dealer's and get the copy of LIFE he had been wise enough to order regularly in advance.



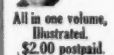
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Absolutely Removes Indigestion. One package proves it. 25c at all druggists.



"I JUST TOLD HIM WHAT HE WAS."
 "DID HE GET MAD AND WANT TO LICK YE?"
 "NO."
 "THEN YE DIDN'T TELL HIM THE TRUTH."

Behold the Politician!

SEE the Politician! How nobly he is conducting himself!

Yes. He conducts himself in that noble way for the sake of a great principle.

But see! Now he is conducting himself in a different manner.

Yes. He considers it advisable to change his tactics for the sake of his party.

But look! He is changing again. Why is that?

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Perfect Golf in a Perfect Climate
 (18 Holes Turf Greens)

Unusual facilities for all sports the year round.

Write for booklet

Make reservations

Oh, now he is acting for the sake of his pocketbook.

How interesting. But look again. Once more he seems to be altering his behavior.

Oh, yes. Election is approaching. He is now acting for the sake of his job.

Does he ever act for the sake of more than one thing at a time?

Oh, yes, whenever it is feasible, but he wouldn't allow such a little thing to interfere with the proper pursuit of his ambitions.

And doesn't all this indicate that the Politician is very fickle as to his ideals?

Not at all. It merely indicates that he is very resourceful in finding suitable pretexts for any particular action he may indulge in at any particular moment.

Improvements?

The American Society of Phrenologists at its recent meeting in Philadelphia prepared for general circulation a list of terms that may be used as synonymous for "hit on the head," thus conferring a great favor on those who are always looking for something new. Here they are:

Drubbed on the dome.
 Bammed on the bean.
 Tapped on the conk.
 Bumped on the bezer.
 Biffed on the coco.
 Busted on the cranium.
 Whiffed on the skull.
 Cracked on the nut.
 Nailed on the knob.
 Slugged in the belfry.
 Lammed on the peak.
 Dinged on the brain-box.

—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Forhan's Dental Hints

Teeth that are spaced,
allowing food to wedge
between cause Pyorrhea.

Does Your Tooth-Paste Help Your Gums?

THERE'S many a pretty mouth with the prettiest kind of teeth, but with tender and sensitive gums that the touch of a tooth-brush makes painful

Harden your gums or you'll lose your teeth. Prevent all tenderness and bleeding with Forhan's Preparation every time you clean your teeth. Prevent at once the gum-shrinkage—that condition known as Pyorrhea (Rigg's Disease)—which loosens teeth and exposes their unenameled parts to decay.

If you're approaching 40—the age when four out of every five people's gums commence to shrink—the reasons for Forhan's are just automatically increased.

Forhan's prevents gum-shrinkage—and it hardens gums, wholesomes them, *healthies* them. There's never a tender gum area with Forhan's.

If gum-shrinkage has already set in, start using Forhan's and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. In 30c and 50c tubes in U. S.

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For the Gums
Use it as a Dentifrice

If your druggist hasn't it,
send us his name with 10c
in stamps and we will
send 5 trial tubes. Forhan
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THE CONSTANT FEAR OF DISEASE IS A
GOOD BEGINNING.
POLITICAL DOCTORS ARE CONTROLLING
PUBLIC SCHOOLS.
CATCH 'EM WHEN THEY ARE YOUNG.

Doomed

(Continued from page 362)

"Sell you a house and lot," said the real estate man playfully.

"Do we have to pay anything for it?" inquired the Ass.

"Certainly not," said the real estate man. "The idea! For instance, you can get your life insured. Then you can borrow the money to pay a fraction of the house and lot. Then you can get the rest on bond and mortgage—horrid words, aren't they? There are other ways, of course. But you don't have to bother about anything. Just give me your card and it will all be arranged for you."

Having selected a house and lot, they went along a little further and met an interior decorator.

"I presume," said the interior decorator, "that, as usual, you will let me go ahead and decorate your house in the most atrocious manner possible, as an advertisement, without offending my dignity by presuming to offer any suggestion."

"Certainly," said the Ass. "That is, as I understand, the customary thing."

The Ass now consulted his platinum wrist-watch, and turned to their social secretary, who, a short time before, had insisted upon taking a position with them for nothing because times were so easy.

"We must hurry a little," said the Ass to the social secretary, "so you'd better make a list of things we should do, so that this Avenue won't owe us anything when night sets in."

So the social secretary made a note that they were to have all their restaurant bills charged to the Rockefeller Foundation for the relief of indigent millionaires, that they were to give a twelve-thousand-dollar monkey *Thé Dansant* in order to help keep other people's money in circulation, and that they were to be operated upon for appendicitis.

When this program had been carried out the Ass rang for a taxi.

"Drive us to Woodlawn Cemetery," said the Ass. "There's nothing more to see in life. Why should we continue to live?"

The taxi driver eyed the Ass with a kind of nonchalant suspicion, as a really great novelist would put it.

"You'll have to pay cash," said the taxi cab driver, "because that's out of the Fifth Avenue zone."

This made the Ass smile wearily, as he waved him off, turned to his wife, who, by the way, was trying to enjoy herself by flirting with another Ass, and rang the bell for the alcohol man.

"Give me a twilight-sleep cocktail. My dear, excuse me for interrupting

Send a
2c Stamp

For a
Sample Cake



You can get this most delightful of soaps at your favorite department store or druggist.

And once used, you will realize why for over sixty years women of refinement in every civilized land have made it their all-time choice.

No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

Pure and transparent as choicest materials and skill can make it, No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap gives a skin clear and velvety. Delicately perfumed, its rich, abundant lather makes each day's use a fresh delight.

For the sample cake, send 2c stamp; or for 10c in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, Dept. L., 25 West 45th Street, New York

you, but I haven't a red cent, so we'll have to continue to live on Fifth Avenue indefinitely, even though we've done everything. We simply cannot afford to die."

T. L. M.

"EENY, meeny, miny, mo;
Catch a nigger by the toe.
You're it!" Meaning that if you had ordered your copy of LIFE in advance the dealer would not have told you he was "sold out."



DELATONE

Removes Hair or Fuzz from
Face, Neck or Arms

DELATONE is an old and well-known scientific preparation, in powder form, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths—no matter how thick or stubborn they may be. You make a paste by mixing a little Delatone and water, then spread on the hairy surface. After two or three minutes, rub off the paste and the hairs will be gone. When the skin is washed, it will be found clean, firm and hairless—as smooth as a baby's. Delatone is used by thousands every year, and is highly recommended by beauty authorities and experts.

Druggists sell Delatone; or an original one-ounce jar will be mailed to any address upon receipt of One Dollar by

The Sheffield Pharmacal Company
339 So. Wabash Ave., Dept. D. F., Chicago, Illinois

If at first you don't succeed in getting glove style and glove service; you can either buy, buy again,—or you can insist on a pair of Fownes, and be successful right away.

It's a
FOWNES

that's all you need to know about a GLOVE.

The New Order

We saw that a new form of society is germinating in the civilized nations, and must take the place of the old one; a society of equals, who will not be compelled to sell their hands and brains to those who choose to employ them in a haphazard way, but who will be able to apply their knowledge and capacities to production in an organism so constructed as to combine all the efforts for procuring the greatest sum possible of well-being for all, while full, free scope will be left for every individual initiative. This society will be composed of a multitude of associations, federated for all the purposes which require federation; trade federations for production of all sorts—agricultural, industrial, intellectual, artistic; communes for consumption, making provision for dwellings, gas works, supplies of food, sanitary arrangements, etc.; federations of communes among themselves, and federations of communes with trade organizations; and finally, wider groups covering all the country, or several countries, composed of men who collaborate for the satisfaction of such economic, intellectual, artistic, and moral needs as are not limited to a given territory. All these will combine directly, by means of free agreements between them, just as the railway companies or the postal departments of different countries cooperate now, without having a central railway or postal government—even though the former are actuated by merely egotistic aims, and the latter belong to different and often hostile states; or, as the meteorologists, the Alpine clubs, the lifeboat stations in Great Britain, the cyclists, the teachers, and so on, combine for all sorts of work in common, for intellectual pursuits, or simply for pleasure. There will be full freedom for the development of new forms of production, invention and organization; individual initiative will be encouraged, and the ten-

dency toward uniformity and centralization will be discouraged. Moreover, this society will not be crystallized into certain unchangeable forms, but will continually modify its aspect, because it will be a living, evolving organism; no need of government will be felt, because free agreement and federation take its place in all those functions which governments consider as theirs at the present time, and because, the causes of conflict being reduced in number, those conflicts which may still arise can be submitted to arbitration.

"Memoirs of a Revolutionist," by P. Kropotkin. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)



"MOTHER, THIS BEING FIDO'S BIRTHDAY, COULDN'T WE LET HIM CHASE THE CAT JUST TO THAT CHAIR AND BACK AGAIN?"



When Physician Meant "Physic—Dispenser"

IN Shakespeare's time if you were sick and went to a doctor he did one of two things. He either bled you or "physicked" you.

Physicians no longer practice bleeding. And the leaders of the profession are equally opposed to the indiscriminate use of laxative and cathartic drugs. In fact the habitual use of laxatives is now known to be one of the most fruitful causes of constipation.

Physicians of the highest standing prescribe Nujol because it relieves constipation without any bad after effects and without forming a habit. It acts in effect as an internal lubricant, preventing the bowel contents from hardening, and in this way facilitating normal movements.

All druggists carry Nujol. Avoid substitutes. Write today for booklet, "The Rational Treatment of Constipation" using coupon below.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

(New Jersey)

Bayonne New Jersey

Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly below.

Dept. 15

Name

Address

City

State



"WHY, POLLY, WHAT ARE YOU SLIDING ON?"
"ON DE BACK OF MY STOMACH, MAMMA."



"GREAT SCOT, MAN! BE CAREFUL! Y-Y-YOU ALMOST S-S-SENT US OVER."
"YES, I KEEP FORGETTING THAT I'M NOT IN MY AEROPLANE."

This is an advertisement of something that costs you nothing.

Namely: The latest edition of the *Miniature LIFE*, which is just out.

Free: For a good two-cent stamp for mailing, and your address.

This is a pocket edition of *LIFE*, printed in colors, full of the best things of *LIFE*.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.



THE MAN IN THE CLOTHING ADVERTISEMENT TAKES OFF HIS SUIT.



A CELESTIAL CHOIR.

Our Pessimist

HIS NOTE BOOK

THE road to yesterday is paved with regrets; the path of to-morrow, with expectations. It is the way of the present that alone is empty. We never realize the present.

The secret of life is to spend one's days in Utopia and one's nights in Bohemia.

Clever people are amusing, providing

we agree with them. Once they become offensive, they cease to be clever.

The girl who hasn't the heart to say "no" usually hasn't the brains to say "yes."

Fascination in some women is due to a certain charm. In other women it is due to an uncertain charm.

If one is serious nowadays everybody laughs, while if one attempts to be humorous no one listens.

From One Man to Another Man

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE,
BRIGHAM MANUFACTURING COMPANY.

Detroit, Mich., 1917.

MY DEAR JOHNSTON:

Since I reached home I have thought often of the corking dinner you gave me the night before I left. Your club is certainly to be congratulated on the '46 sherry, and the chef deserves a medal for those stewed mushrooms in the china tureen. Candidly I didn't care much for the girl-and-music show which you New Yorkers seem to think is the only form of theatrical entertainment we out-of-town folks like.

I did enjoy the rabbit and beer we had afterwards, and I have thought a good deal about our talk over the conditions that confront us manufacturers.

Now I am going to say something to you which may not please you. You will remember how emphatic you were about certain publications that offended you in their treatment of our interests. I remember particularly that you were very bitter about *LIFE*, and said that not one dollar of your money should go to pay for advertising in a paper that was an enemy of manufacturers because it printed pictures holding up to public condemnation manufacturers who employed child labor.

Now neither you nor I, Johnston, employ child labor, so that matter doesn't concern us directly and doesn't reflect on us as manufacturers, or on any other manufacturers in our class. We have troubles of our own, and I don't see why we should worry about the troubles of manufacturers who make their money out of child labor.

You have no children, but I have; perhaps that makes me a little more tolerant

WHITE HORSE

SCOTCH





"POOR LITTLE THING! NO WONDER SHE
LOVES ME"

of LIFE's crusade to save children from working in mills and factories when they ought to be playing and getting the growth and strength to make them useful men and women.

The more I think about this, Johnston, the more I get het up, and I would be almost ready to quarrel with you if I didn't know many fine and generous things you've done. After all, you're not such a dollar-chaser as your attitude towards LIFE makes you seem to be.

We manufacturers have got to stand together against common enemies. There are enough of them, heaven knows, but I don't think LIFE is one just because it sticks up for the kiddies and roasts manufacturers who make them work before they're old enough to work.

In fact, I think we ought to support LIFE instead of trying to boycott it. We know it's honest, even if we don't like everything it says. And we know it's thoroughly American, and can't be

Steady

At least three quarters of the patronage of the Hollenden is made up of men and women who have previously enjoyed its accommodations. People of refinement whose tastes demand the best and whose selection of a hotel is made upon a definite knowledge of its service, cuisine, and room accommodations, go to the Hollenden, and go again as a matter of course.

Eight hundred rooms; largest Ball Room and Banquet Hall in Ohio; three restaurants of national repute; two orchestras; most comfortable parlor and reception rooms in the city; completely renovated; large percentage absolutely new; most central location; first class in every respect.

Three entrances: Superior Avenue, East Sixth Street and Vincent Avenue.

The Hollenden Cleveland

European Plan, with Bath:
For One Person, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00,
\$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00.
For Two Persons, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00,
\$5.00 and \$6.00.
With Twin Beds, \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00.
Suites at various prices.



Cover Walls With Pictures
The handsomest homes are those where every room is filled with pretty wall decorations.

Moore Push-Pins

For all light pictures, and Moore Push-less Hangers for heavy ones, bare down away with destructive nails and tacks. Easy to use. Will not mar finest walls. Samples and illustrated booklet free.

Moore Push-Pins. Made in 2 sizes } 10c pkts.
Glass Heads, Steel Points } In Canada -
Moore Push-less Hangers, 4 sizes } 2 Pkts. for 25c
The Hanger with the Twist }

At Stationery, Hardware, Photo, Dept. Stores, or by mail.
MOORE PUSH PIN CO., Dept. 100, Philadelphia, Pa.

LE PAGE'S
CHINA
CEMENT
STANDS HOT AND COLD WATER 10c

bought. There are mighty few papers of that kind left in America, and we ought to be rather proud of it as an American institution.

We don't have to spend a dollar in LIFE if we don't want to, but I don't believe our staying out of it is going to put it out of business. I know that when we've advertised in it we've got orders from the very best kind of people. So, in spite of what you had to say the other night, I'm going to tell our advertising man to go right on using it. Worse than


that, I believe that when you get over your present grouch you'll do the same thing. We Americans have got to stick together or we're done for, and I believe LIFE is one of the best Americans of us all.

I had to get this off my chest, but just the same I'm

Your friend,

HARVEY BRIGHAM.

P. S.—I'm coming to New York pretty soon, and I want to know where it was we got that rabbit.



When You Forget Your Umbrella Buy a Box of LUDEN'S

Prevent "wet weather" discomforts.
Relieve coughs, colds, throat trouble.
In "Yellow Box"—5c
WM. H. LUDEN Reading, Pa.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL CANDY COUGH DROPS

Luden's Cough Drops were never intended solely for coughs and colds, but also as a help for offensive breath, disordered digestion, "smoker's throat," etc.

The Help Is Continuous

(Continued from page 358)

651. Lucienne Lepoulennec. Mrs. E. J. Walter, New York City.
652. Paulette Marcel. In memory of T. J. B. and J. R., Utica, N. Y.
650. Jacques May. The Boys of Fay School, Southboro, Mass.
661. André Mollet. N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La.
662. Robert Mollet. N. O. Nelson, New Orleans, La.
653. René Montcoffé. Edward Winton McVitty, Salem, Va.
666. Michel Pâle. Moore & Thompson Paper Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.
667. Raymonde Pâle. Moore & Thompson Paper Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.
666. Marthe Pecquet. Miss H. J. Phillips, Brooklyn, N. Y.
669. Eunice Poujol. Henry B. McCormick, Harrisburg, Pa.
668. Maurice Pusset. New York State French Teachers' Fund.
617. Edouard Putteman. Manuel Hector and Rafael Ivanhoe, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
618. Madeleine Putteman. Manuel Hector and Rafael Ivanhoe, Buenos Aires, Argentina.
670. Jeanne Quilichini. E. W. Scripps, Miramar, Cal.
673. Jean Raoux. Several contributors.
682. Emilienne Ray. In memory of George Prindle and Christine T. Prindle, Duluth, Minn.
683. Suzanne Ray. In memory of George Prindle and Christine T. Prindle, Duluth, Minn.
685. Charles Riaux. C. H. H., Inglewood, Cal.

Rattling Horse Shoes Annoy—

loose shoes often prove dangerous—lost shoes add expense. Protect yourself. Have all shoes put on securely with "CAPEWELL" nails. Not cheapest irrespective of quality but the world's best at a fair price—a price your shoer can afford. Look for the Trade Mark on the nail head. Always get Capewell nails.



FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Saving Daylight

THERE seems to be a healthy movement on foot to save daylight by changing our clocks and making four o'clock in the morning come at three o'clock or five o'clock, or something of that sort.

There is a danger, however, that we are going too fast in this matter. Would it be wise to save daylight until we know what we are going to do with it? Isn't daylight now the most uninteresting part of the twenty-four hours? Aren't most people bored stiff in the daylight, and only with difficulty drag their weary way through those hours from dawn to twilight in which they find themselves awake?

If it only were a question of saving night light, which is also called white light or electric light, we would know what to do. We could merely start another cabaret or set a crew of dancing girls to cavorting at a different hour; but saving daylight is altogether different. It is already a drug on the market.

Before you spend a single penny of your spring dress allowance, before you begin even vaguely to wonder if hats are to be large or small, if beige or grey will be the smarter for spring, if the slim or the barrel silhouette really will be the mode, . . . Vogue suggests that you consult the

Spring Patterns and New Materials

Number of

VOGUE

In the next two months, during the very period in which Vogue's important Spring and Summer Fashion Numbers appear, you will be planning your entire Spring and Summer wardrobe and spending hundreds of dollars on the hats, suits, and gowns that you select.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want are the ones that cost more than you can afford. Ask any reader of Vogue and she will tell you that

\$2 Invested in Vogue

a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown
Will Save You \$200

The Spring Patterns and New Materials Number of Vogue is now ready. If you mail the coupon and inclose \$2, we will start your subscription with this issue and send you 9 additional numbers, making in all 10 issues of Vogue.

10 Issues of Vogue for \$2

Spring Patterns and New Materials Mar. 1

Working models for one's whole Spring and Summer wardrobe.

Spring Fashions Mar. 15

The last word on Spring gowns, waists and accessories.

Paris Openings Apr. 1

The complete story of the Paris Openings establishing the mode.

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes Apr. 15

First aid to fashionable women of not unlimited means.

Brides and Summer Homes May 1

A journey "thro' pleasures and palaces." News for the bride.

Travel May 15

Places in our own country well worth a visit at least.

Summer Fashions June 1

The final showing of the Summer modes that will be.

In the Country June 15

Society takes to sports and life in the open.

Hot Weather Fashions July 1

The correct wardrobe for all outdoor sports.

Hostess July 15

The newest ideas in mid-summer entertainments.



The Vogue-gowned woman never follows the fashion; she leads it.

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INTRODUCTORY OFFER COUPON L. 3-15

Vogue, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Please send me, at your special introductory rate of \$2, the next 10 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Spring Patterns and New Materials Number. I enclose my cheque (money order or cash) for \$2. (Canadian \$2.50; foreign \$3.50.)

Name

Full Address.....